

Grain

ELEVATOR OPERATION
AND MAINTENANCE

Convention Issue
1936

Birthday Greetings

One month old today! The infant mortality rate hasn't meant a thing to GRAIN for the youngster thrives after thirty days of existence.

How great a splash it has made in the swimming pool of life is up to you to judge—but the little newcomer is blithely stroking right ahead.

The second month finds GRAIN grown more robust, a little wiser and a little more handsome. That's the way of healthy babes, they show progress month in and month out. And that's the way of a progressive terminal elevator—it moves forward continuously.

There is no such thing as standing still in life; if you stop going forward you slip back and GRAIN expects to grow and thrive, keeping pace with the progressive grain industry!

"HOSSES & HOUSES"

by "OLDMAN OATS"

YOU know, the oldtime farmer had a saying, "A good hoss is wuth its feed"; well, following the same line of reasoning, I'm going to say, "A good elevator is 'wuth' its maintenance." And by maintenance I don't mean a patching here and there to hold the house together any more than the farmer meant a bunch of mouldy hay when he said feed!

A house that turns out a full day's work in proper style year after year is bound to feel the effects of the strain. Steel and iron and leather and rubber can't resist friction forever.

Well, when the various parts begin crumbling into uselessness, the man who appreciates the work the house turns out steps into

the market and makes replacements with the best there is. That's the smart thing. Instead of crippling efficiency by the frantic patching of old parts, he **increases** efficiency by replacing with the latest and best.

And don't fool yourself that the "latest and best" hasn't it all over the worn out equipment! If, during the years between original installation and the time for replacement, the manufacturers hadn't vastly improved their products they wouldn't be in business. Thus the smart buyer comes out of a replacement deal with an operation efficiency that betters the original installation.

The hoss is wuth its feed? You're durn tootin'—and you'll get a whole lot more work out of him to boot!

Editorial

by DEAN M. CLARK

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR SAFETY

The long bearded Vienna professors wax wordy over the interpretation of a child's subconscious fear of falling. With many double-jointed psychoanalytic terms they explain that this inherent fear of falling dates back to the misty days of man's dawn; when he slept on the branches of trees — and woe betide the sleeper who slipped off the family branch into the rapacious mouth of the lurking sabre tooth tiger!

From out the tangle of foliage guarding these professor's mouths, oftentimes there issues words of wisdom. For they have pointed out that the instinctive fear of accidents which should prompt every worker to shy away from an unsafe situation is the natural, inborn feeling of race-survival.

BUT, the softening influence of civilization has dulled to a great degree the lessons mankind learned in its infancy—and so we find maimed bodies and desolate widows the world over as a result of improper industrial safety precautions. The inherent shyness of the worker to dangerous situations has lost its impelling force through the countless ages of soft living.

And now that the machine has replaced the roaming tiger as a hazard, we must instill into the worker the precaution his ancestors exercised. Not only that, we must safe-guard him from all possible harm—until the halcyon day dawns when he will recover the instinctive caution his forefathers bequeathed him.

Grain

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Nursing Carry Over Corn



by ARVID ANDERSON

Superintendent, Crowell Elevator Co., Omaha, Neb.

The observer who murmured, "The world do move . . ." sure spotted his cars on the right track. This everlasting business of changing conditions affects every walk and mode in life, and the elevator superintendent who doesn't keep up with the show is going to find himself on the wrong end of the spout.

Take a few years back—the usual formula in handling corn was to store it throughout the winter months and dispose of it by late spring. The picture is all changed around now and a great many houses are carrying their corn right through the hot weather. This naturally necessitates a distinctly new method in conditioning and handling the stock—and the sweating that both the corn and I did before I found the most practical method of adjusting these new conditions in our plant may be interesting to some of you fellows.

The Patient Sickens

The first season we started on this new regime of summer carry-over, our stock had been conditioned as usual during the cold months, i.e.—all excess F. M. had been removed and the grain had been flopped plenty during the zero weather to give it that icy touch. Well, things went along fine until the germinating season brought about fever spots in our patient, as evidenced by the readings of our bin thermometers. That was the first shock—and we swung into action!

Fresh air is the answer to many diseases, so we ran our bins and settled back to keep tabs on the thermometer readings. Zinzo! Shock Number Two! The readings brought us up from the desk like a shot. Instead of the aeration improving the corn, the blasted stuff was getting warmer! This called for an immediate consultation in the sick room—and did we doctors gather!

The first thing we discovered was a development of sticky and slightly sour spots. This, we finally de-

duced, was the logical aftermath of the cold grain being exposed to warm weather. It had followed the principle that any cold object will attract moisture when the atmosphere to which it has been subjected is warmer. Our patient was going through a posthumous sweat!

The remedy we decided upon was to run the sickly corn through the driers, low heat, and see if we could sweeten it up. The results more than fulfilled our expectations; for by running the grain through the low heat and taking it through the cooling fans, we not only knocked off the deterioration but also adjusted the grain to the prevailing outside temperature. There was no appreciable loss of fundamental moisture and the total increased damage was negligible.

As the summer wore along, we found that the proximity of the corn's temperature to that of the outside air kept the stock from kicking up further—and we came to the conclusion that all was well.

The Final Analysis

Now that we had wiped the sweat off the corn and our brow, we sat down and jotted on paper these findings: that we have to stay away from extremely cold corn; that corn with excessive cold temperature reacts unfavorably under the probable necessary transferring in the warmer weather; that when corn does need transferring after being stored all winter, it passes through the drier first; that this "sweetening" process in no way materially detracts from the moisture content of the corn; and finally, that this manner of conditioning corn for summer storage fits the grain for prevailing conditions.

This stuff I've been spouting about may sound to some of you a little bit professorial—but believe me, I'm here to learn, and if you birds have any suggestions or opinions, I'd sure be glad to hear from you through the publisher of this magazine.



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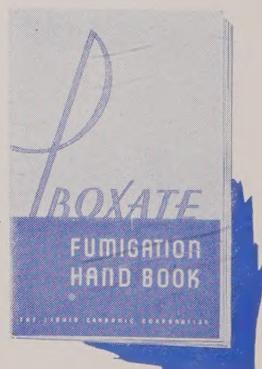
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The Old World Has Old Methods

by RICHARD UHLMANN

When the publisher of this magazine invited me to author an article relating to the handling of grain in Europe, I drew a big breath of relief for the fact he hadn't specified the American system. Naturally, I would have hesitated attempting to cover a subject which the superintendent readers of this magazine are no doubt more fully conversant with than am I. But Europe — well, that's different.

IN MY last air tour of the thirty or so countries comprising that section of the globe, I was able to learn some mighty interesting things concerning their practices in handling grain and I'm delighted to have this opportunity to pass them on.

American elevators have evolved an art of handling grain so efficiently and in such volume that the rather crude methods in operation in Europe today will in all probability amaze you. Even the facilities of our small country houses compare favorably in many ways to the various systems in force at many of the importing centers in the land beyond the sea. For instance, terminal elevators, with a few exceptions, are virtually unheard of, and the antiquated method of "lightering" still remains the favored mode in a good many spots. But more of that later. Let us first picture to ourselves the continent as a whole.

Small Area, Large Population

Europe has a population of 470 millions and yet is the smallest of continents. Territorially, it is considerably less than half the size of North America; actually, about as large as the United States and Mexico combined. With this immense grouping of population in a comparatively small area it is natural that intense cultivation of the land should result. And that is one of the outstanding impressions an observer gathers as he flies over mile after countless mile of closely knit fields and orchards.

Crops and Climate Click

Despite the tremendous aggregate of the manufacturing and mining industries, Europe is predominantly agricultural. In only five countries does the

number of industrial workers exceed the number of farmers. She produces over one-half of her requirements of wheat and oats, more than nine-tenths of rye, and two-thirds of her barley needs.

The climate is variable; the western countries coming in for the greatest share of rainfall, giving them the leadership in the production of oats, barley and vegetables. Central Europe, consisting of Germany and the lands south and eastward, step out in front in the flax and rye division. In the east, the modified precipitation is ideal for wheat growing and we find the vast lands of Soviet Russia accounting for one-half of Europe's wheat.

Distribution Defies Comparison

The growing of grain is a universal natural action; the same physical laws governing the work of the American farmer apply to the Russian, the German and the French farmer. But the man devised methods of distribution and handling grain are as multitudinous as the varied races scattered over the face of the globe. Let's take a peek at the European system of distribution which, in comparison to the American way, matches in antiquity the sprawling ruins of the age old castles.

Great Britain, in her geographic role of The Atlantic Gateway to Europe, plays the stellar part in the distribution drama of the Continent. But even here the terminal elevator has only a "walk-on" part, for the storage facilities in the great port of Liverpool are only moderately adequate.

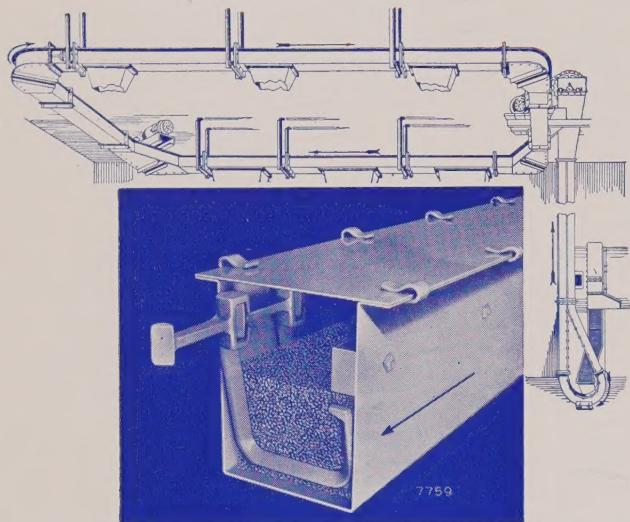
The bulk of grain arriving in ocean vessels is lightered. Some is weighed aboard vessel and then by

(Continued on Page 22)

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The VALUE of a MAN

by B. A. FRENCH

According to average compensation laws a man is worth in the neighborhood of \$5,000 if he is killed while in the exercise of his duties for his employer. I sometimes wonder if he were valued at his actual worth whether he, his fellow employees, and his employers would expend more effort in protecting him.

THERE is a general agreement as to the PURPOSE of accident prevention, but there is a difference of opinion as to its VALUE. This difference arises because of our failure to agree upon a common measuring stick whereby the *worth* of safety effort may be gauged. It is the writer's contention that the value of accident prevention should be measured in dollars.

Argue as we will that a satisfied feeling of security, or *conversely*, one of pain and suffering, cannot be measured in money, the fact remains that the only estimate of safety that is worth anything is a pecuniary one. Why? Because the cost of accident prevention is measured in dollars; insurance premiums are measured in dollars; salaries of safety engineers are gauged in dollars, as are the outlays for machine guards, warning signs and safety posters. In fact, the only tangible estimate of the value of safety work is a dollar estimate. *But*, it should be noted carefully there are several ways of estimating the cost of an accident, and *conversely*, the value of accident prevention.

What Do Accidents Cost?

Let us carry ourselves beyond the industry's walls and the city's streets and determine, if we can, just what accidents cost—not alone the cost to the employer, to the insurance company, or to the defeated party at court, but the real cost to all concerned as measured by the loss of earning capacity sustained by the injured person during the entire period of his disability, all hospital and medical expenses, damage to machines, tools and materials, and all interference with the orderly conduct of a grain elevator, of a city, or of any other unit. Let us take an actual case of only fairly serious consequence:

The father of three little children lost his right leg in a machine accident. For our purpose it could have been in an elevator accident. The cost of com-

pensation benefits amounted to \$2,625.00 (\$15.00 per week for 175 weeks). Medical expenses added \$250.00 more. The machine on which the man was working was damaged to the extent of \$40.00.

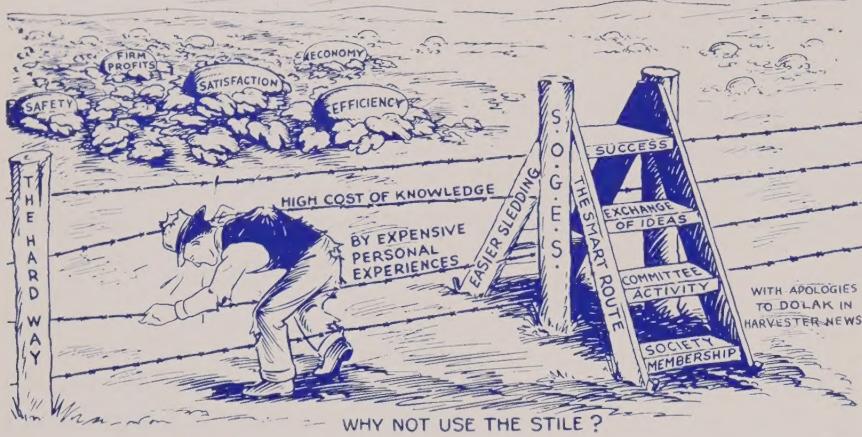
The plant superintendent estimated that the time lost in production and the general effect upon other employees cost the company an extra \$500.00 and perhaps more. Our accident is now in the \$4,000.00 class. But, we are *just beginning* to count the cost. If a worker cannot return to his old job, a substitute must be found to do the work. In this instance the injured man could not have returned to work for weeks; in fact, he never returned. (*Only 25 per cent of the people who lose a leg return to the same employer, and only 10% to the same job.*)

Earning Power Defined

Now we are ready to consider the heaviest loss of all—the loss of *earning capacity* sustained by the injured person during the period of disability. This loss of earning capacity accounts for *four-fifths* of the total loss resulting from all ordinary accidents. It should be noted at the outset that this loss of earning power as measured by reduced earnings is not merely an individual matter. To society the loss of earning power means the loss of production. When earnings of injured persons fall, either standards of living will be reduced or *help will have to be given in some way*.

What is the life-time loss of a disabled person? Rather than rest the case with the above example, I will give composite results in a number of cases in a study of 1,000 serious industrial injury cases. It was found that, on the average, the worker who lost a leg suffered a loss in earning capacity of about 50%. That is, he was obliged to pursue work which was only one half as remunerative as his pre-injury occupation. Workers over 60 years of age lost nearly 80% of their earning power, while those under 30

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★ FABLE

The lone wolf viewed with hungry envy the well-fed pack trotting by. Finally he screwed up courage enough to ask one of the members the secret of his sleekness.

"Oh, that's easy," said the opulent one. "What one kills, we all eat. *And there's so many of us we never lack for food.*"

The lone wolf thought it over and came to a decision. . . . Yes, he joined the wolf-pack and his starving days were over.



WE ALL know that these old fables are based upon human nature. The author of the above story was merely pointing out the value of organization. The lone wolf has a human counterpart in the superintendent who sees the merit of affiliating himself with a united body. The wolf-pack represents the united body of the Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents. And the moral of the "starving days" being over neatly applies to the increasing benefits obtained by the new member.

So hook up with the pack, fellows! Don't be a lone wolf!

You can get along without the pack like the lone wolf did, but like the lone wolf, when he figured things out, your condition will be immeasurably improved by joining the pack!

JOIN NOW! And travel in the company of a group whose members share the benefits of all!



Superintendents — \$10 a Year



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(Continued from Page 9)

years lost about 40%. Unskilled workers lost much more than did skilled workers; they, like aged workers, could not readily re-adapt themselves.

Precaution Pays Plenty

Our thinking on injury prevention sometimes has been colored by machine guards, warning bells and stop signs. These are necessary tools. The engineering ability is not lacking. The same genius that has invented and perfected numberless devices for the use and comfort of man is able to reduce the human hazards in the factory, and on the street, if only given a sufficient incentive.

I do not mean to imply that most employers are indifferent to the safety problem. There is much evidence to the contrary. It simply means that in the daily grind of keen business competition the management attempts to reduce costs to a minimum. Just as a company and a municipality would normally buy raw material or supplies in the lowest market, or procure laborers at the lowest wage, so from a business standpoint alone, they would desire to keep their safety and injury expense at the lowest level. That is to say, the chance for gain, or the threat of loss, is the mainspring of safety.

As we know very well, the recorded cost of an accident is too often limited to the compensation payments or premiums paid. When all of the costs to the employer are considered, the savings will justify a safety organization in any plant. But when the total real costs are computed there is a clear challenge to begin to value human life according to its real worth.

The most constructive work that can be done for safety is to preach the gospel of the value of people. We must erase the \$5,000.00 value of a man and give him a higher rating. This new valuation would add dignity to the labors of those engaged in safety and would give new impetus to the movement everywhere.

There seems to be general agreement among competent authorities that to date only the surface is being scratched in accident prevention. Says bulletin No. 8 of the United States Steel Corporation:

"In carefully analyzing the causes of 100 accidents, it will be found that at least 90 of them might have been prevented."

These opinions are not false. They are not guesses. Perhaps they are not possible of realization as long as we value persons at \$5,000.00, but a marked degree of safety can be realized when human beings are rated at their true value. A \$50,000 workman is worth saving.

The Acid Test » » » »

The terminal superintendent lifts the receiver of the phone to stifle the shouting bell — and into his ear jumps the old familiar question: "How far can you carry your corn into the warm weather?"

In the old days, the Super would clear his throat, ring up a bull's eye on the cuspidor, consider his moisture charts and grunt, "Well, it all looks pretty good to me for carrying over. 'Course, you understand, that's on the premise of no unforeseen developments popping up."

But in these enlightened days the superintendent merely glances at his acidity charts and snaps, "Got 50,000 yellow and 75,000 white with 25 degrees acid that will have to move pronto. The rest of the stock averages around 18 degrees acid. That's safe. We can keep that 'til Helen freezes over!"

Yes sirree, no talk of "unforeseen developments" there! No hesitation over probable carrying qualities. Just everything right at the finger tip, all nicely catalogued and accurate. Complete knowledge of the stock. That's the "acid test" in handling grain.

More and more superintendents are taking advantage of laboratory tests to determine the acidity in their corn. The cost is usually 75c per sample — and it's six-bits well spent. The results — well, it gives you an accurate picture of exactly what's going on *inside* your corn, and to know that is to know precisely what to do.

The scientists can give you a jaw-breaking explanation of just why this acidity test shows what it does, but the western superintendent who summed it up as follows, hit the nail on the head.

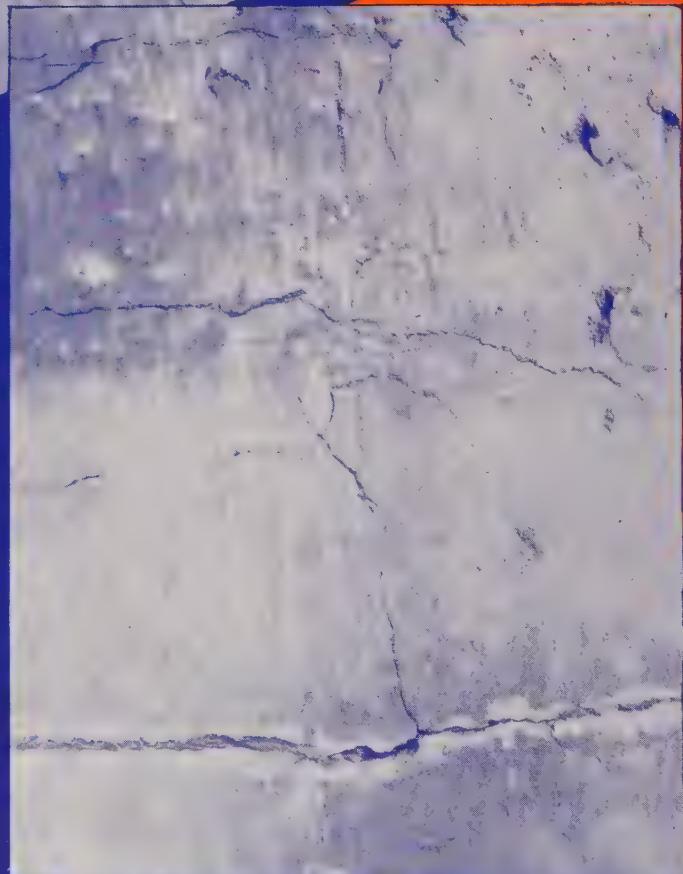
"It's the germ action in corn that determines the acidity. The more germ action, or sprouting, the more acidity. Now, lots of fine looking kernels of comparatively low moisture content have already started on the downward path but it's only the acidity test that brings their true nature to light. It seems that even the first stages of sprouting sets up a chemical action which can easily be detected by the acidity test but which, to our naked eyes, is undreamed of; so a cool and sweet corn sample of say 14.00 per cent moisture taken from stored grain may meet every standard — but still be a miserable flop in an acidity test. And it's that test which determines the carrying quality of the grain. For the more acidity in the corn, the farther the sprouting has progressed.

"We always figure any corn 22 degrees and under of acidity as being a safe bet. Between 22 and 26 degrees it's a sick-room patient and we watch it like anxious medicos. Over 26 degrees — excuse us!"

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Late.



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. . . right into the grain,
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obviously we can only
exists. . . . There will be
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ED 1895

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But After Restor-
storing.

Below: After Waterproofing
the Burlington
Public Elevator,
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THE Superintendents



JAMES MACKENZIE

THE Island of Lewis, off the north coast of Scotland, is justly proud of its products but in the estimation of American grain men the finest thing the island has ever turned out is James MacKenzie, Superintendent of Toronto Elevators Limited and 1st vice president of the Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents.

After the fashion of most able bodied boys on the island, Mac upon finishing his schooling became a "tar" in the British Fleet. When his service ended he came to Canada and received his first taste of grain — shoveling in the Empire elevator at Fort William, Ontario, in the year 1906.

Fourteen hours a day of steady shoveling was enough impetus to start Mac on the way up, and by 1909 he had risen through the various jobs in the elevator to assistant weighman. Then the Thunder Bay elevator was erected at Port Arthur and Mac was chosen for the position of weighman. In 1913 he was appointed foreman—amply filling it until 1928.

At the close of navigation that year Toronto Elevators Ltd. approached Mac with an offer of the Superintendent's position at Toronto. This placed him in a dilemma, for the 22 years he had spent with the old firm could not easily be discounted. But the urge of progress caused him to make the change.

Since 1928, Mac has supervised elevators from Sarnia to Halifax, inspecting grain in store and checking African and Argentine corn in the Montreal and Halifax ports. Three Rivers, Quebec, is blossoming out with a new Toronto Elevators Ltd. two million bushel house—and of course Mac will just take that in his stride.

As a vital influence in not only the S.G.E.S. but the grain industry as a whole, James MacKenzie ranks tops. The land of the Maple Leaf has nurtured and developed the sailor from across the sea, and MacKenzie, the grain man, justifies his learning.

AN ELEVATOR built in the year 1902 is no novelty—but an elevator whose Superintendent bossed the running of the forms of a thirty-four year old house is distinctly different. Such is the Rialto elevator in Chicago and the man who began his Superintendency of that house while the concrete was being mixed is Henry S. Cox, 2nd Vice President of the Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents.



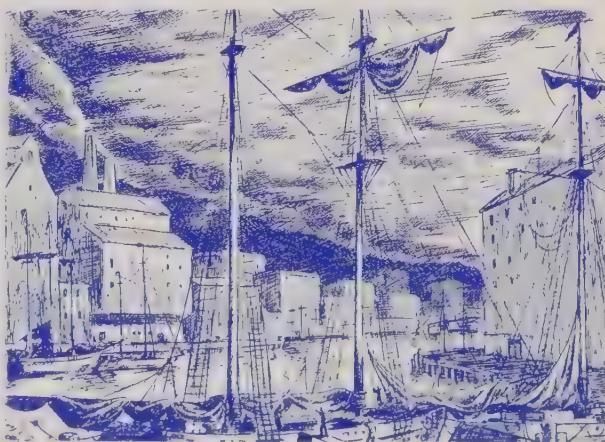
HENRY S. COX

Henry had his genesis on a Minnesota farm 'way up in Winona County. Twenty years of following a plow, however, set his mind on other things and in 1897 he journeyed to Duluth where he applied for a state grain inspector's license. Due to his intimate knowledge of grain he naturally passed the examination with flying colors and then spent the next four years putting the official remarks on grain inspection certificates.

In the Spring of 1902, Nye Jenks Grain Company were in the throes of erecting an elevator in Chicago and they cast about the field for the man they wanted to not only be Superintendent of the plant but also to supervise the construction. Henry Cox was selected — and through the intervening thirty-four years of sterling service he has proven his worth.

In 1928, Star Grain Company assumed operation of the Rialto and Henry went right along in his capacity of Superintendent. The boy from the Minnesota farm was still plowing a straight furrow!

Henry has long been a motivating factor in the progress of the S.G.E.S. and if you wish to acquire the latest information regarding elevator operation and maintenance just drop a line to Henry S. Cox, Superintendent, Rialto Elevator, Chicago, Ill.



My Wife Wanted to Know

by SUPT. OATCLIPPS

LAST night, after dinner was filed away for future longevity, the Missus and I were comfortably seated in the living room, she with her notes of the afternoon's club session and I with my copy of GRAIN. She glanced up at me and said, "Papa, you've been attending conventions for thirty years — now tell me something about them. At the meeting this afternoon several members were discussing some scandalous tales they had heard regarding these conventions, and I couldn't help butting in and explaining to them that you had been going to conventions all our married life and that the only change I could see in you was your steady advancement in a business way."

Well, I took a long pull at my old faithful pipe, settled down deeper into my chair and orated:

"There's lots of angles to this convention business, Mother, and I'll try to spill a few of 'em. Let's start with this "scandalous" angle. You know from reading the daily newspapers that the stuff which hits the headlines is mostly the sensational doings of a few misguided souls. The vast majority of decent clean-living people go year in and year out with their deeds never being recorded. And so it is in any part of life — the few wild ones get the most publicity.

"And, Mother, did you ever stop to think that these fellows who whoop it up at conventions are the same ones who would whoop it up whether they had just come home from church or were attending a lodge meeting?"

"Sakes alive!" murmured Mother. "That's right."

"Now," I goes on, content with getting that off my chest, "let's look at the constructive angle of conventions. You know that mankind never made any progress until the cavemen started to congregate in groups and exchange ideas. From those groups came the tribes, the hamlets, the cities, the nations — and civilization. But it never could have been accomplished unless those men had not first gotten together!"

"Any basic principle in life holds good for all manner of life. Now, our life happens to be the grain business, and unless we apply the fundamental ideas of existence to our business, we will never get to first base. *And it's the interchange of ideas that makes the complete life!*"

Mother nodded interestedly and put her club notes on the side table. I relit my pipe and resumed through clouds of fragrant blue smoke.

"Take the regular procedure of a convention: the secretary informs various outstanding men in the trade weeks in advance that a talk by them on a subject they've proven themselves masters of will be greatly appreciated. These men then burn plenty of midnight oil adding to their practical experience the knowledge gained from intensive research — and when they finally deliver their speeches on the floor of the convention, it gives everyone the benefit of the accumulated wisdom of the speaker. That's a practical example of the value of interchange of ideas.

"Now into the convention proper. The majority of the men attending are men who are tied down throughout the year to their jobs. They haven't much chance to get away from the routine of existence because of their earnest application to their work. When the convention comes along, it gives them a pleasant, wholesome change — and the value they receive in a business sense amply repays the expense involved."

Mother smiled. "Well," she said, "it has surely improved your worth — or we'd still be living in the other side of town and you wouldn't have been able to do so much for the children."

I swelled up with pardonable pride, for when the girl you first loved turns out to be the woman who still looks up to you despite your gray hair, well — that's enough to make any fellow feel great! But I took a firm grip on myself, scratched another match and proceeded:

"Hr-r-r-umph! As I was saying, this wholesome change does a fellow a world of good. He meets the men who are striving for the same things he's working for; he enjoys the association of congenial spirits and finds his soul refreshed; he acquires the latest and best information concerning his job — and joins the time-honored procession of men who *do* things, men activated by the same spirit that lifted humanity from the bog of ignorance to the high plane of civilization!"

Mother gazed at me with shining eyes for a few moments while I made a great business of refilling my pipe and then she said reflectively, "Why don't you write this up and send it into your favorite magazine 'GRAIN'?"

So I did.

Duluth and Minneapolis

GRAINMEN'S MECCA • JUNE 12-15

H. J. Atwood Invites Grainmen to Head-of-the-Lakes

Wants Every Market to See Operations

A cordial invitation to visit the Head-of-the-Lakes is extended the terminal elevator industry by H. J. Atwood, President of the Duluth Board of Trade, who is very anxious to have their operations and facilities inspected.

A full morning for going through some of the waterfront plants is scheduled, preceded by an evening of colorful descriptive talks by the Duluth-Superior Superintendents, and followed by discussions on the innovations observed on the inspection trip.

With the splendid co-operation of the Duluth and Minneapolis grain exchanges, their executives and individual members, leaders in other associations, as well as the appreciated helpful assistance of grain firm heads in Winnipeg, Omaha, Sioux City, Chicago and elsewhere, this gathering promises to break all records for attendance, interest and worth.



J. C. Wyman Extends Invitation to Visit Storage Capital

Minneapolis, largest storage center in the U. S., and only surpassed by the twin-ports of Fort William and Port Arthur, has a lot for the terminal elevator operator to see, so the hospitable invitation of Mr. J. C. Wyman, President of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce to really show the industry their facilities is eagerly appreciated and accepted by the several hundreds who are expected to continue their convention program in the Capital of the Northwest following their attractive Duluth program.

Program of Tremendous Merit Prepared

All F. M. Removed
Reduced Fares Available—Certificates Being Mailed
Get-Acquainted Reception in Minneapolis, June 11

A program of tremendous merit is to be presented before the Seventh Annual Convention of the Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents next month, and a digest is given herewith to help stimulate interest in this rapidly growing association.

Reduced railroad certificates, entitling the holders to a fare-and-one-third from most parts of the country are being mailed out, and the association's officers ask all delegates to use same even where the 10-day fare is the same as the certificate rate to insure reduced fares next year. Additional certificates are available from the Association's Office, 332 S. La Salle St., Chicago.

Chicagoans and those from the South and East will doubtless go to Duluth via Minneapolis for the "Get-Acquainted" reception being given for this purpose on the evening of June 11.



PROGRAM

Friday, June 12. Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minnesota

Registration.
Meeting Called to Order; Announcements, etc.
Report of Year's Activities—President Oscar Olsen, Peavey Terminal Elevator, Duluth.
Committee Reports, Treasurer's & Secretary's Report.
Appointment of Committees, Committee & Director's Meeting.
DULUTH MANAGERS' LUNCHEON—Address of Welcome—T. F. McCarthy, Secretary, Capitol Elevator Co., and Vice President, Duluth Board of Trade.

Talks by Walter McCarthy, President, Capitol Elevator Co., President Head-of-the-Lakes Terminal Elevator Operators Association. C. C. Blair, General Manager, Globe Elevator Co., and others.
1:30 P. M. In Shrine Auditorium. Dust Explosion Demonstration & Illustrated (Talkie) Lecture—(Please Bring Your Own Dust Samples!)—Hylton R. Brown, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.—Discussion.

Accident & Injury Prevention—A. V. Rohweder, Superintendent of Safety—D. M. & N. Ry., Vice President, National Safety Council, Chairman Industrial Division, Minnesota Safety Council.

Safety Organization in Your Plant—James G. Hayhoe, Minneapolis.
"Loyalty"—M. Frank Beyer, Grand



Invites You . . .

Superintendents Association Breaks 233 Mark • Chicken & Bean Dinner
 Contest Waxing Hot • Minneapolis Starts New Chapter • Chicagoans
 to Launch Drive in Milwaukee



"Let's Go"

With the inauguration of a new chapter of the Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents in Minneapolis on May 20, and an influx of new members joining before the rolls are closed at the 250 mark, this new-born association is making amazing strides forward. Within the month so far 21 new members have joined, following gratifying gains every month since October of last year.

Vic Champlin, General Superintendent of Archer-Daniels-Midland Co., Minneapolis, was elected to head the new chapter, Jack Coughlin, Superintendent of the Union Elevator, was chosen as vice-president, and E. J. Raether, Belco Elevator, (both Union Elevator Co.,) is the new secretary-treasurer. Their next meeting is slated for June 30.

The chicken and bean dinner contest to be wound up in Duluth on the 12th is attracting much attention and competition among team members for new applications. The losing new-membership team eats beans, according to the story, across the table from the chicken-eating winners.

Henry Keir, superintendent of Bartlett-Frazier's Wabash Elevator, Chicago, plans to lead his gathering of chapter-mates to Milwaukee on June 6th, where a lot more new members are anticipated.

Forward, fast and furious, seems to be an every-day occurrence with this progressive group.

Trunk Elevator Co., Ft. William, Ont.
 "Push" — President Oscar W. Olsen, Peavey Terminal Elevator, Duluth. Depreciation & How to Avoid It — J. F. Suhring, Appraisal Service, Minneapolis.

Do's & Don'ts in Modernization — Elmer E. Grant, Cargill Grain Co., Superior, Wis.

Application of Electric Power to Grain Elevators — Stanley M. Smith, Canadian Westinghouse Co., Ft. William, Ont.

RESIDENT'S BANQUET — Chicken & Bean Contest Winners Feted. Interesting Points on Head-of-the-Lakes Elevator Operation; Peculiarities of Marine Transportation, Scouping, Trimming, Marine Law, etc.—By Duluth & Superior Superintendents.

aturday, June 13

30 A. M. Head-of-the-Lakes Inspection Trip Through Elevators to See Interesting Innovations, Inspection of Boat Loading, etc.

ULUTH — SUPERIOR SUPERINTENDENTS LUNCHEON — Discussion of Unusual points observed on Trip.

rying — Saving \$10,000 on Drier Fuel (Bring Your Analyzed Drying Figures) — Harold C. Wilber, A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

reventing Cracked Corn in High Bins — V. I. Champlin, Archer-Daniels-Midland, Minneapolis.

creasing Efficiency of Legs: High Speed vs. Low Speed — H. L. Heinrikson, Terminal Elevator Corp., Sioux City, Ia.

utomatic Sampling of Grain; Transferring Grain with Air — P. C. Poulton, Superintendent, Bawlf Terminal Elevator, Ft. William, Ont.

eling — E. H. Karp, General Superintendent, Farmers National Grain Corp., Chicago.

Waterproofing — S. N. Rhue, Milwaukee, Wis.

4:00 P. M. SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES FOR MINNEAPOLIS ARRIVING 7:30 P. M. Hotel Nicollet, Minneapolis, Minn.

Supplementary Registration.

8:00 P. M. Annual "Associates Night" Banquet — H. H. Van Ornum, Hart-Carter Co., Chairman, and Leigh-ton Steere, W. S. Nott & Co., Vice Chairman.

Sunday, June 14. Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis

A. M. Church.

Inspection Tour.

2:00 P. M. Welcome to Minneapolis — Otto F. Bast, Vice President, Union Elevator Co., Minneapolis, and First Vice President, Grain & Feed Dealers National Association.

Presentation of Invention to Convention — Frank L. Neilson, Minneapolis.

Grain Handling for Flour Mills — M. Dwight Bell, Minneapolis.

Something Worth While — James G. Hayhoe, Minneapolis, Minn.

Soybeans & Flaxseed, Handling & Processing — V. I. Champlin, General Superintendent, Archer-Daniels-Midland Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Future Prospect for Exporting Grain. Merchandising & Its Relation to Terminal Elevators — Ralph Golseth, Minneapolis.

The Elevator Railroad Traffic Problem — Otto Mortenson, Minneapolis. Trucking & The Terminal Elevator — Wm. H. MacDonald, Rosenbaum Bros., Chicago.

6:30 P. M. First-Timer's Banquet — For Everyone.

Round Table Discussions on Designing an Addition; Communicating Signal Systems & The Adaptation of Radio Thereto — H. G. Onstad, Vice President, James Stewart Corp., Chicago.

Knowing Compensation and Public Liability Insurance Requirements — Accuracy Findings on New Moisture Tester; New Government Dockage

Machine; New Barley Pearler — Robert Black, Federal Grain Supervisor, Minneapolis.

Barge Shipping — V. I. Champlin, Archer-Daniels-Midland Co., Minneapolis.

Monday, June 15. Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis

8:30 A. M. Inspection Trip.

11:00 A. M. Committee Reports; Election; Director's Meeting.

12:00 Noon. MINNEAPOLIS MANAGERS' LUNCHEON —

Heat & Moisture Metamorphosis in Grain Storage — Edgar Miller, Operative Milling Editor, The Northwestern Miller, Minneapolis, Minn.

Grain Varieties — H. R. Sumner, Executive Director, Northwest Crop Improvement Association, Minneapolis, Minn.

Controllable Factors of Power Costs in the Grain Industry — H. H. Van Ornum, Hart-Carter Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Power Requirements & Load Limiting in Grain Elevators — G. C. Meyer, Engineer, Kansas City Power & Light Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Diesel Engines Applied to Grain Elevators — B. A. Snarenberger, Fairbanks-Morse & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Modern Ventilation & Dust Control; Class 2, Group G Requirements & Insurance Credits — Charles Harbin, Fire Underwriters Inspection Bureau, Minneapolis.

"Push" — Oscar W. Olsen, President.

Elevator "Crew" Session

7:00 P. M. Dust Explosion Demonstration (Bring Samples) — Hyton R. Brown, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

8:00 P. M. Personnel Safety Work — H. J. Aldrich, Secretary, Spencer Kellogg & Sons, Buffalo, N. Y.

9:00 P. M. Right Thinking — Ray Bowden, Secretary, Grain & Feed Dealers National Association, St. Louis, Mo.

PROTECTION

or

EXPLOSION?

Try the Robertson Method of protection against the hazards of dust explosions

Robertson Safety Ventilators

Protect elevator legs from Dust Explosions, because:

They remove the more explosive fine dust from the leg by continuous gravity action.

They release pent-up gases and flames, in case of an explosion.

They minimize the possibility of a secondary explosion by continuously venting gases and dust.

Terminal elevators throughout the country are using Robertson Safety Ventilators.

Robertson Capacity Bin Ventilators

For balanced ventilation of grain storage bins.

Robertson Capacity Bin Ventilators are guaranteed not to give more than .0026 water gauge resistance and not less than 324% free area outlet vs. stack area.

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This corrugated steel roofing and siding material is protected from corrosion by asphaltic and asbestos coatings. Ideal for terminal buildings.

Write for information—no obligation.

H. H. ROBERTSON CO.

2000 GRANT BUILDING

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dust

PART
TWO



by KIMBALL HERRICK

T

here was now a new car, full laden, in the place where the empty one had been, and Danny's crowbar thrust firmly between wood and wood. Long nails squealed, but only once. There had come to his ears a wrong sound, a familiar yet a wrong sound, and he stood and listened.

It was the hum of a conveyor belt in a narrow tunnel, barely perceptible against the background of lusty noises that filled the North Central's bowels. But Danny recognized it as the broad belt in the alleyway where Joe Bolesy had gone. And Joe Bolesy was not in sight. Joe Bolesy must be down that alley still. But that was all right. Surely no man would have suddenly thrown that long belt into motion unless first he had looked to see that no one walked along its surface in the alley.

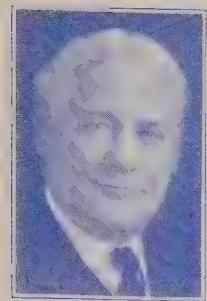
And surely no man would be walking on its upper surface, for there was room along the side to walk, carefully. No man would, except Joe Bolesy, who had a habit of doing that very thing to give his thick body the room it needed.

Danny Morran's big feet moved unaccountably toward the entrance to the tunnel. If that belt had been set in motion while Joe Bolesy was standing on its surface he would have been jerked off his feet and flung full-length upon its suddenly speeding surface, and then—the buggies.

The buggies. Iron bowls on little rails straddling the conveyor as a low bridge straddles a rushing stream, they were made to catch grain pouring into them from a bin and drop it in a neat ribbon on the belt that flew between their legs. Joe Bolesy would never get past one of these. They hung too close to the belt itself. Instead, he would be wedged between the buggy and belt, and the moving surface would be smoking the solid flesh from his body.

Danny Morran reached the entrance to the alley and looked down. It seemed to stretch infinitely into the distance, dimly lighted and full of dust. The black surface of the belt rushed at him as landscape rushes by a train window. There were four buggies in the alley, four bridges straddling the moving belt—and on one distant one a black, ugly lump appeared.

Danny shouted mightily, and hoped his thin voice would not be lost in the uproar of the North Central; then recklessly he jumped down alongside the belt and in a fast, mincing run, fled down the alley toward the far buggy.



A. W. Baum, alias Kimball Herrick, the author of DUST, is the son of one of the old time terminal elevator superintendents, Charles W. Baum. Mr. Baum, senior, dates his superintendency back to 1894 when he assumed charge of the Chicago Calumet Elevator. Between then and his retirement in 1923 he was superintendent of houses ranging from Newport News to Portland, Oregon.

Arthur Baum, got his start in the grain business in 1924 and after various experiences, which paralleled his Dad's movements from coast to coast, he reached the prominent position of associate editor of **Country Gentleman**.

JOE BOLESY was a lucky man. When the forgetful foreman had started up the belt, and the rollers had suddenly gripped it, shivering its 300 feet into sudden movement, Joe Bolesy had been flung against the nearest buggy before his body had a chance to fall. So lucky Joe was simply lying unconscious on the upper rim of an iron bowl instead of in a smoking shambles underneath. His bruised head rested easily upon the slanted inside of the buggy, his body balanced nicely on the rim, and—lucky Joe—only one leg dangled down to take its punishment from the belt.

Danny Morran was glad with all his heart to see it so. As brutal and lashing a tutor as Joe Bolesy might have been, still he was a grand elevator man, and therefore something ever to be admired. Something of Danny's gladness sickened within him as he saw the deepening gash of seared flesh that the edge of the belt was wearing into Joe Bolesy's hanging limb, but still there was much to be glad for.

Quickly he swung the inert, hanging leg clear of the vicious friction of that flying edge, but he dared not lift too far. Joe Bolesy's body was heavy, and it was balanced on the narrow rim. Inside that bowl, down at the bottom, there was a hole; and the belt raced by beneath it.

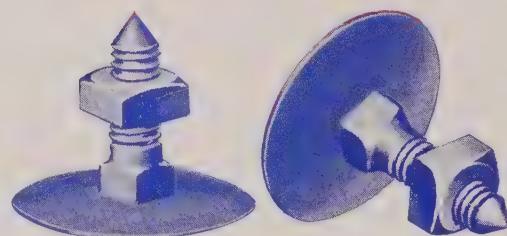
Danny sobbed, and prayed that a weary foreman would shut off that deadly river of fabric which streamed by. Should he stay unmoving, balancing the squat man's body on that narrow rim until they were missed from the floor and someone came looking down the long alleyway, to see him standing there? Or should he heave and drag the unconscious man clear and lay him carefully in the narrow space of floor alongside, taking a chance that he could keep the limp form clear of the racing conveyor?

THE solution came in smoke. Danny sniffed. He had taken Joe's smoking leg off the belt edge, but still there was that menacing whiff. It was stronger now. He looked down. In the dust below the spot where the other man had dangled, smoking bits of overall lay in the middle of a widening ring of smoldering dust. Danny Morran, who never would be an elevator man, felt his heart leap in his throat. A bit of fire! And just that afternoon another bit of fire had blown a man slowly, end over end, into air that whistled thunderously.

(Continued on Page 20)



CALUMET ELEVATOR BOLTS



"Belt Savers"

The "CALUMET," a new elevator bolt, designed by us only two years ago has already been adopted as standard equipment by a number of the largest operators of grain elevators in the United States and is specified almost exclusively by several large grain elevator engineering and construction companies.

It is the ideal elevator bolt and was designed especially for bucket elevator installations where the loading factors are heavy and prematurely wear out the belt.

It is truly a "BELT-SAVER." The additional life of the belt resulting from its use more than compensates for the somewhat higher price as compared with standard elevator bolts, necessitated by the unique design detailed below.

The Calumet Elevator Bolt has an extra large flat head, a full 1-1/4" in diameter, which distributes the weight of the bucket more evenly across the belt and absolutely prevents the head from pulling through the belt.

It has a sharp conical point so it is not necessary to punch the belt. Just pierce a hole with an awl, insert the point of the bolt and drive through with a hammer blow on the head to spread the strand. Since the fabric is not cut or broken, the belt lasts much longer, whereas when belts are punched the holes tend to fray and ravel, the belt becomes weathered and the fabric deteriorates around the hole.

Write for Samples and the Name of Your
Nearest Dealer.

SCREW CONVEYOR CORPORATION

HAMMOND, INDIANA

SEE THE
CALUMET
BUCKET
at the
DULUTH - MINNEAPOLIS
CONVENTION
June 12-15

▼
INSTALL
CALUMETS
Because of
GREATER CAPACITY
RUNS SATISFACTORILY
AT ANY SPEED
NO BACK-LEGGING
▼

B. I. WELLER

Sole Manufacturer
327 South La Salle Street, Chicago

For a moment he watched, transfixed. The smoldering ring grew wider, as a pebble's waves circle in a pond. Suddenly it struck a dry little piece of wheat hull, and the little chaffy piece flared briefly. Danny heaved furiously, and Joe Bolesy was lifted bodily over the rim and hugged tight to Danny's chest. He turned sideways to the belt and let the heavy man slide down upon his knees and then upon his back. A mutely swinging arm brushed once against the flying edge and was abruptly flipped outward and onward in a curious forward signaling.

Danny Morran shivered, and quickly tucked the limp figure against the wall away from the belt. Then he turned, full to the brim with chilling fear. The dust was misty in the narrow tunnel, and the smoldering ring had reached under the belt, fanned by the drift of air along the moving surface. Had the alley air yet approached that unknown mixture, that mixture which was primed for a little lick of flame, ready to snap loose the most powerful explosive force ever dreamed of? The widening ring was prickly with little flames now. On one side they crawled against the wooden beams and picked rough splinters off with skinny fingers of fire.

For a fleeting, pregnant second, Danny Morran hesitated. He could run, run like a mad devil out that alley, leaving Joe behind. He could clear the North Central's turbulent floor, rush into the night, and perhaps get far up the cinder path before that monstrous force was touched off and, with savage fury, lifted the immeasurable weight from the low back of the little passageway and let it drop again.

Joe Bolesy would never be found. That's where elevator men were when they never found them again. They were under thousands of tons of grain and wood and iron, caught in a little cooped-up space and smeared horribly into the mass.

Danny's shirt was wet. As he tore it off, his naked young chest and back gleamed in the dim light. He bunched the dank cloth in his hands and, measuring his red enemy with a quick, careful glance, began to fight. Lie back there, Joe Bolesy! Lie there and watch another good elevator man fight fire. Why didn't somebody shut off that belt? It brushed his shoulder as he stooped to pluck fire off the narrow floor, and a long, red mark showed across his white skin.

Desperately he plucked at the edge of the brightening ring, picked it clean from the wall, tore it up from the little bit of open floor. And now he had it cornered under the broad, whirling belt. He threw himself forward full-length to reach for it, and as his body fell a puff of dust was pinched inward toward the small remnant of flame. *Pop!* And the dust-laden air crackled in a sweep of fire. Across his naked back it swept with a million bitter teeth, and then withdrew. Danny screamed and reached under for the bright tongue that was left. His shrinking, quivering red arm reached to the last spot, and he engulfed it with a steaming bit of shirt. His arm came back, and he rolled partly over. His head turned and his mobile mouth stretched into a delirious grin.

"Joe," he whispered to the still figure stretched

against the wall. "All out, Joe. No more blowups today, Joe. Just a little pop."

Something queer was happening over his head. The rollers on the belt were slowing down. Well, it was about time somebody was shutting off that belt, because he was going to go to sleep, going to go to sleep so that wickedness across his back wouldn't make him quiver so . . .

Somebody had washed his face. He started to get up; but there was a binding across his back and a bitter pain. He lay back instead and gently turned his head. Joe Bolesy sat in a chair, grinning under a white thing that slanted across his dark face. His leg stuck out in front, and it, too, was wrapped in white. They were in the locker-room, under Mike Willits' office.

JOE was grinning at him. He must be, because he was looking straight into his eyes.

Mike Willits' voice sounded at his ear. "A good boy, Danny," he was saying.

Danny Morran's face lengthened. "Boy" — the word fell upon him with crushing disappointment.

Joe Bolesy was grinning at him still. "Yah," he grinned, "but dot boy he nefer will get be alley-vater man. Nefer."

Danny felt hot anger rise within him. Then it subsided. Joe didn't mean it any more. He didn't mean it, because he was grinning still, and looking at him in an admiring sort of way. He would have to tell Mom about the way Joe was grinning admiringly, because tough Joe was the best shoveler on the river.

"Certainly he won't," Mike Willits said gently. "Because he is one now—the best one the North Central has ever seen."

There was a promise in his voice, a promise of man's pay for the Morran family for a long, long time.

Joe Bolesy was nodding his head vigorously. "You bet it," he added emphatically. "I teached him."

Danny smiled happily and closed his eyes. That white thing on Joe's bobbing, grinning head was beginning to blur a little bit.

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* * *

HELP! HELP! HELP! Believe it or not film strips showing safe and unsafe practices in the grain and grain products' industries are now in the course of preparation by Mr. Robert J. Fleming, Kellogg Co., Battle Creek, Mich., which firm operates quite an elevator in connection with their cereal plant. Innumerable spots around your elevator may, upon concentration, offer suggestions on where and how accidents and injuries might occur in your or another's elevator. SO, won't you jot down these ideas, or even sketch them roughly, and send them to Mr. Fleming, who will then re-enact them before a photographer in his plant and incorporate them in this Safety Film Strip, PLEASE? When completed this film will be available to contributors.

* * *

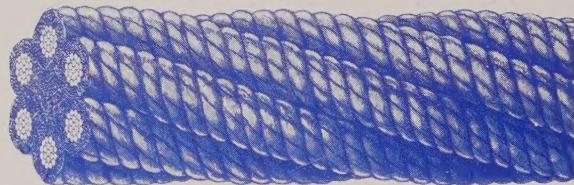
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Three widely-experienced (now unemployed) superintendents are available for new connections. Good money-makers for any elevator. Write "GRAIN."

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It will pay you to use American Tiger Brand Marlin Clad Grain Shovel Rope. This construction consists of a hemp center and 6 steel strands—19 wires in each strand, every strand having an external serving or covering of tarred marlin. American Tiger Brand Grain Shovel Rope is in general use wherever uninterrupted service and economy are vital factors. We carry a large stock for immediate shipment and our representatives will welcome an opportunity to cooperate with you.



When you purchase your requirements from us you get Quality developed for your specific needs—Performance proved in service and Savings that extend over maximum periods.

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Young lady, 26, with six years experience with one firm, desires position with progressive company who will reward real ability with promotion. Conversant with grain handling methods and equipment.

Well educated, good correspondent, hard worker, ambitious.

Can furnish reference from former employer.
 Nominal salary to start.

Write P. O. Box 7, Chicago, Ill.

The Old World---

(Continued from Page 7)

a conveyance known as a railway berth or floating silo is unloaded and placed into wagon trucks or freight cars for further distribution. Some is unloaded by suction into waiting canal boats and sent directly to the mill.

This method applies to practically all the European countries; in Germany and Italy the small lighter is the principal mode of getting grain to the mills, most of which are situated on some body of water. Here in the interior even the small country elevator is unknown. The ordinary tenders such as described above have a carrying capacity ranging anywhere from 50 to 300 tons. The largest of these are often used for shipping grain into the upper Rhine ports, provided, of course, the rivers are sufficiently navigable. Rotterdam, primarily a transit port, originates a great part of this business. However, grain for domestic consumption is sent from this port in much smaller lighters fitted for traffic in the net-work of canals which cover the country of wooden shoes.

The Old and the New

The American superintendent, loading export vessels with the ease and rapidity of skilled efficiency, would no doubt find much wonderment in watching those same vessels being unloaded in Europe. But after all, it's young vitality and fresh outlook which has been the springs of America's amazing growth, and a brief survey of European grain practices brings home the fact that "The Old World Has Old Methods."

* * *

Tuberculosis Claimed from Grain Dust

MERIDIAN, MISS.—In a \$40,000 suit filed by an employee alleging tuberculosis from inhaling, for 10 years, dust from different grains and feedstuffs, jury awarded \$10,000 judgment against the Meridian Grain & Elevator Co.

Case being appealed to state Supreme Court where defendant anticipates a reversal, there being nothing in the evidence to sustain the judgment. (Mississippi is one of two states not having Workmen's Compensation Statutes.)

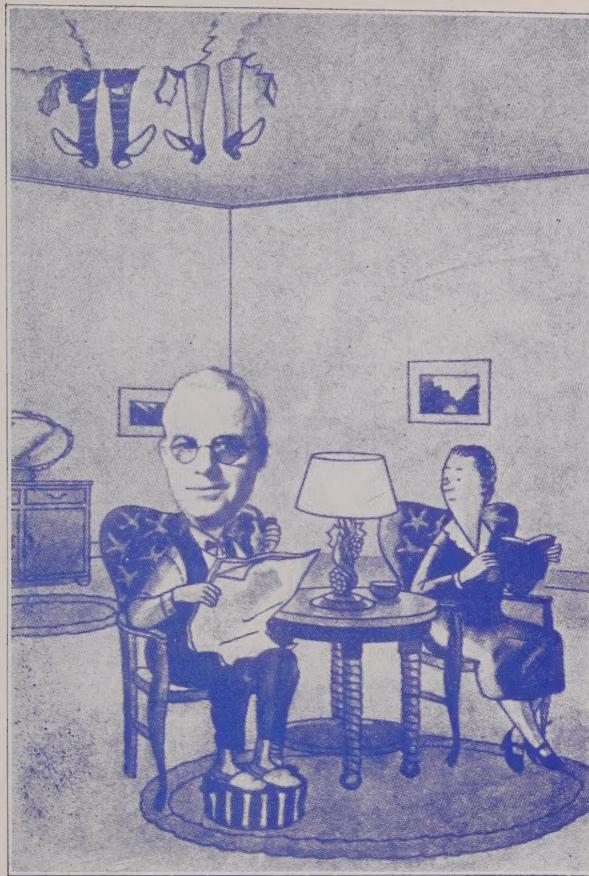
Available medical opinions hold dust not injurious, being organic.

* * *

TRY THIS RECIPE!

Take one old fashioned happy family dinner,
 Mix in the best show you ever enjoyed,
 Stir well with the finest business information you ever acquired,
 Add the downright pleasure of OLD HOME WEEK,
 Season well with the zip of an early morning plunge

And You Have What the S. G. E. S. Is Dishing Out for the June Convention!



[Apologies to Chicago Daily News]

Jack MacInnis, Duluth: "The Olsens stopped their tap dancing earlier than usual this evening."

Graded "Tough"

Chicago, the City of Contrasts, was the setting of this enchanting scene. A grizzled gangster rolled into a tavern and banged his fist on the bar.

"Who is the toughest guy in the place?" he roared.

A hardened shoveler got up from a table and without hesitation swung a chair down over the speaker's head. The gangster rolled over to his hands and knees on the floor and gasped, "Prove it!"

* * *

The man who couldn't boss himself never ran a grain elevator . . .

* * *

Tee Heel

Miss Mill: I see the chemical people say that if it wasn't for insecticides, bugs would rule the world.

Ella Vaytor: And what makes them think bugs don't rule the world?

* * *

Says the Sage of Sagebrush Center: "It 'pears as if some grain men just sit back and wait for the big blow-up to come!"

Out of the Blower



Take grades for oats:

- No. 1.
- No. 2.
- No. 3.
- No. 4.
- No. SG.

Take grades for men:

- No. 1. O. K.
- No. 2. Pretty good.
- No. 3. Slightly off.
- No. 4. Damaged.
- No. SG. No standards.

Where do you fit in?

"Higher Education"

Sappo Chaff, in reading of University of Iowa's discovery of a powerful explosive manufactured from corn, wonders if he should enroll in Moonshining 1.

* * *

Hot Stuff

Supt. Oatclippes appeared in the hotel lobby on the third morning of the convention.

"Good morning, sir," beamed the manager, "I hope you enjoyed that Old Scotch I put in your room last night."

"Oh, the Scotch was O. K.," admitted Oatclippes, "but that siphon of fizz water was the strongest I ever tasted."

"Siphon?" puzzled the manager. "I left no siphon there."

"T'Helen you didn't! It was a big red one with brass bands."

"Ye gods and little fishes! That was the fire extinguisher!"

* * *

Oof!!

Supt. Branbug: Did you ever see anything so unsettled as this weather?

Sec. Starch: Well, there's your dues.

Tho Ith You!

The superintendents of a certain city are still chuckling over the remark made by the five year old daughter of one of their associates. It was her birthday afternoon and the household was expectantly awaiting the arrival of the party guests. Little Mary, agog with excitement over the gifts of a wrist watch from her adoring father and a bottle of perfume from her no less adoring mother, was attempting to remember her instructions of not mentioning her gifts to any of the guests. The door bell pealed and little Mary was first to admit the dignitary of the local church. "Oh," she lisped, determined at least to give a hint, "if you hear a little noith and thmell a little thmell — that's me!"

* * *

And the Supt. Roared, "Broom, Broom!"

A few of the bugs were whooping it up
In a corner under a belt.
They were husky lads and willing to work;
"Give us a chance!" they yelped.
Write your own second verse, fella!

* * *

The farmer was telling of the bible that stood on his parlor table. "I've hefted it," he said, "and I respect it — but I haint never read it!"

* * *

S'Fact!

Said Colonel Cool to Sergeant Sweet,
"What makes them love us so?"
Said Sergeant Sweet to Colonel Cool,
"If we're not here, they go!"

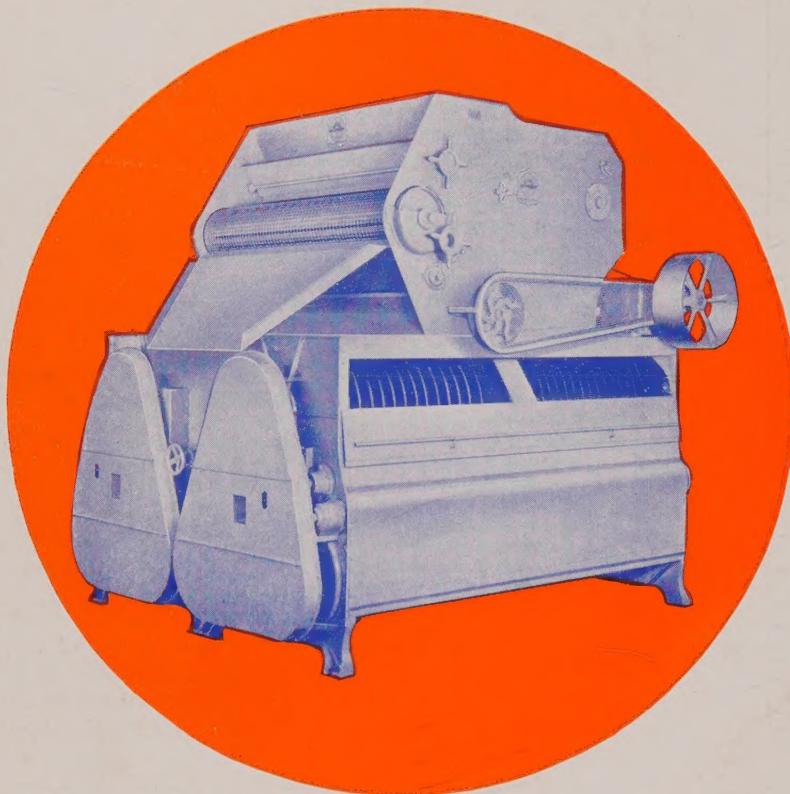
* * *

Precipitation Note

Rain gives a pain to the grower of grain
When it comes at the harvest time;
But rain gives a pain to the handler of grain
When it comes at any damtime.

* * *

The weevil, although a great bore, attracts a lot of attention.



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